

## Strata

# "The Dotted Line..."

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Your knees are bruised up  
You don't even know what you're worshiping  
Outside the sun rises  
In the silence of another suicide scene

There's nothing sacred here  
No, nothing's left clean

Say it, say it, I know what you're thinking now  
You're blowing your smoke in my face, you just need a  
little taste of it  
Say it, say it, it's all in the scripts of L.A.  
I don't even know your name but you want everything

Somebody's kissing me like it means everything  
And somewhere someone's shaking  
My hand in the back seat of a limousine

Now who can I trust?  
These new friends are so dangerous

Say it, say it, I know what you're thinking now  
You're blowing your smoke in my face, you just need a  
little taste of it  
Say it, say it, it's all in the scripts of L.A.  
I don't even know your name but you want everything

They don't love you  
Never give your heart away  
They don't love you  
They'll just take your heart away

I just didn't hear you

Say it, say it, I know what you're thinking now  
You're blowing your smoke in my face, you just need a  
little taste of it  
Say it, say it, it's all in the scripts of L.A.  
I don't even know your name but you want everything

Name your price, sign it away  
On the dotted line and I'll make you famous

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